

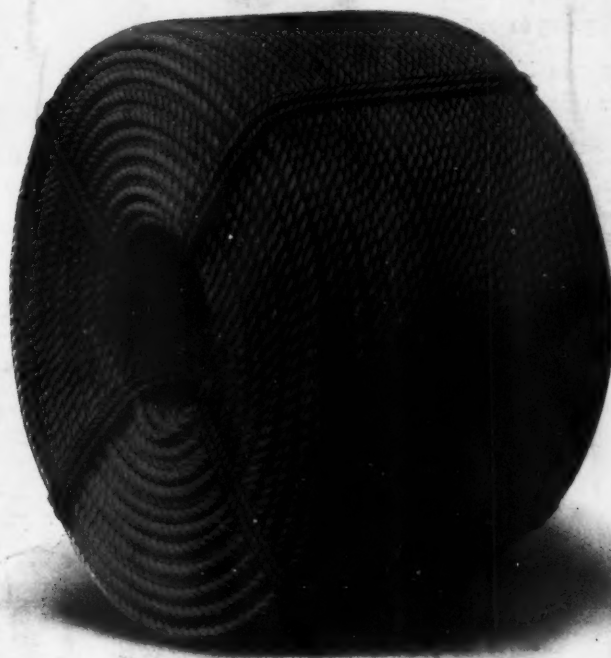
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ATLANTIC FISHERMAN

Vol. VI.

Registered U. S. Patent Office
JUNE, 1925

No. 5



TARRED HEMP FITTINGS

All Columbian Tarred Fittings are made of high grade fibre. They are uniformly tarred and nicely seasoned.

Items of interest to every Fisherman can be found in the following list of Tarred goods manufactured by the makers of the famous Columbian *Tape-Marked* Pure Manila Rope.

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Columbian Marline
Columbian Roundline
Columbian Seizing

Columbian Houseline
Columbian Ratline
Columbian Spun Yarn
Eureka Tarred Marline
Eureka Tarred Houseline

Columbian Hambroline

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Columbian Rope Company

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(You'd save a tidy sum if each pair lasted you twice as long, wouldn't you?)



Converse "Ruff Shod"



"RUFF SHOD"—
the boot with the
WHITE TOP BAND

will come closer to cutting your boot bill in half than any other boot you can buy. "Impossible", you say? You won't know until you've tried a pair.

Made with the longer-wearing white outsole, a heavily reinforced upper that matches the sole for service, and for warm weather a non-sweating, quick-drying duck lining.

Be sure it's "Ruff Shod",—look for the "Big C" on the sole and White Band around the top.

*Want to test the rubber that goes into
"Ruff Shod" and "Neptune"? Try to
break the little sample in your "Fisher-
man's Almanac".*

Converse Rubber Shoe Co.

Factory--Malden, Mass.

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175 Purchase St.

New York Branch
142 Duane St.



Try out
"Cutless Bearings"—
they have set a new
standard of bearing
service. Made in any
size for any craft.

VIBRATION reduced WEAR practically eliminated

These two outstanding advantages have been proven after five years of operation of "Cutless Bearings" on all kinds of craft — from the new Johnson speedboat to the oil tanker, both pictured here.

These splendid bearings with their surface of tough Olivite Rubber are lubricated entirely by water. They reduce vibration to a marked degree, practically eliminate shaft scoring and far outwear lignum vitae and other types of bearings heretofore used.

Furthermore, they operate successfully in sandy, dirty water which plays havoc with the ordinary bearing.

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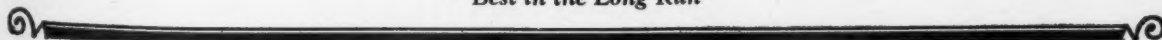
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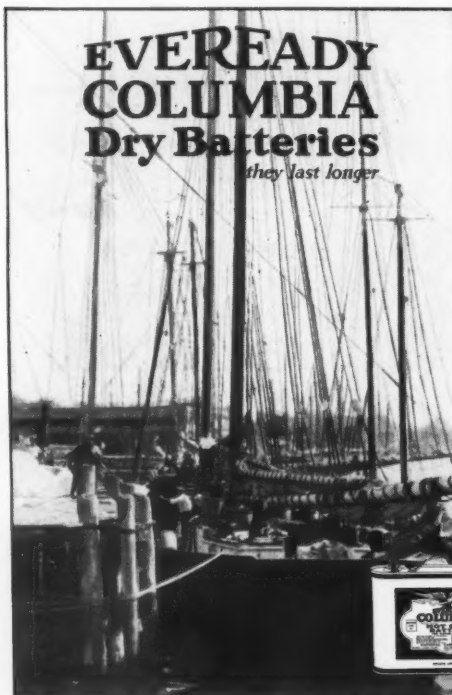


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Cutless Bearings

"Best in the Long Run"





Eveready Columbia Hot Shot Batteries contain 4, 5 or 6 cells in a neat, water-proof steel case.



BOATS' stores should always contain Eveready Columbias. Many fishing fleets use them for ignition and binnacle lighting. Skippers and mates everywhere know these good batteries, know them for their full, fiery power that starts engines on the first turn and makes lights burn brightly at night. Eveready Columbia Dry Batteries are famous for recuperating when idle. They restore their energy. You get every last bit of power from them. For sure-fire results with great economy, insist on Eveready Columbias—they last longer.

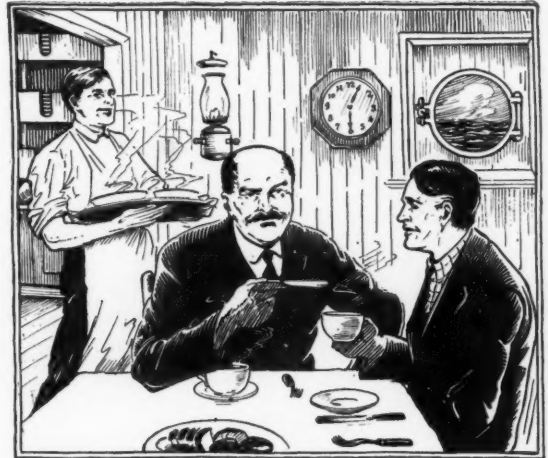
There is an Eveready Columbia dealer nearby.

Popular uses include—

motor boat	buzzers	lighting tents and
ignition	ringing burglar	outbuildings
gas engine	alarms	heat regulators
ignition	calling Pullman	electric clocks
tractor ignition	porters	running toys
starting Fords	telephone and	firing blasts
doorbells	telegraph	radio "A"

Manufactured and guaranteed by

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New York San Francisco
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Captain: "History repeats itself: you can remember when kitchen ranges were plain as an anchor."

Mate: "Yes, Captain, I remember my mother's."

Captain: "Gradually the makers put on a little nickle and a little fancy till finally the ranges were enameled all over, and the showiest thing in the house."

Mate: "Yes, saw some in the store windows the last time we were in port; but how about history's repeating itself?"

Captain: "Why, you know how plain SHIPMATE Ranges are; well, people are now buying that range for house use; they'd rather put their money where all goes for work and endurance rather than for ornamentation. SHIPMATES have made such a reputation at sea that they are being bought for houses, restaurants and hotels."

Mate: "Really, that's remarkable, when you think Captain. Th' new house range's on the ground; it's always been considered the proper thing; and's very handsome; - - - must take a powerful reputation to replace it with the plainest range that's made."

SHIPMATES

are made only by

THE STAMFORD FOUNDRY COMPANY

STAMFORD, CONN.

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2-CYCLE "C-O" OIL ENGINE



Under the tremendous force of a thousand-ton forging press, a white hot ingot is shaped with remarkable precision into a Type "C-O" crankshaft—
A painting from the actual operation in the oil engine plant at Beloit, Wisconsin.

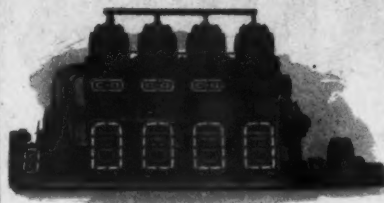
The Product of Experience

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The equipment and methods developed in building over 3,000,000 horsepower of internal combustion engines have led to unmatched manufacturing refinements in the Type "C-O" Oil Engine

A-764-425029 M





More worth per dollar ~and why

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To build a crankshaft that would pass the exacting physical tests that each Type "C-O" crankshaft must undergo, it was found necessary to keep every manufacturing step, from ingot to finished crankshaft, under the direct control of the engineering staff that developed the Type "C-O" Oil Engine.

Each ingot is first inspected and its forging and heat treating temperature is fixed by the chemical laboratory. The thousand-ton forging press illustrated on the preceding page then presses the shaft from the heated ingot, giving the steel a large amount of working and pro-

ducing a crankshaft that has been proved by actual test to be stronger and of finer texture. The shaft is next put through three scientifically controlled heat treating operations to further toughen the steel. As a final step, test bars are taken from each shaft and are subjected to rigid physical tests.

It was found that an ordinary lathe would not turn a perfect crank pin, and therefore the specially designed lathes illustrated below are used, in which the crankshaft is held stationary and the cutting tool travels around the pin. The result is a crank pin that is absolutely round and in perfect alignment with the main journals.

These operations are simply characteristic of countless manufacturing refinements that enter into the construction of an engine of superior design. They are the reasons for the proved dependability and remarkably low upkeep of the oil engine that has been more widely adopted than any other.

The interesting story of building a better oil engine is told in Bulletin 1040.



Specially designed lathes for turning crank pins

Today over 800,000 horsepower of Fairbanks-Morse Two-cycle Oil Engines are in daily operation in stationary and marine service. According to good authorities, this compares favorably with the combined total of all other oil engine applications in America.

Type "C-O" Engines are built in a complete range of sizes from $7\frac{1}{2}$ to 360 horsepower. They are also built into direct-connected generator and air compressor auxiliary sets. Complete information will be mailed on request, or one of our engineers will be glad to discuss your problems.

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FAIRBANKS-MORSE

2-CYCLE "C-O" OIL ENGINE

THE PRODUCT OF EXPERIENCE



Not A "Trade Paper"

The ATLANTIC FISHERMAN is a paper for fishermen—producers—the men who actually fish for a living. It does not purpose to cover the fish trades; nor does it wish to be looked upon as a "trade paper." Rather do we like to think of it as a home paper for fishermen.

Our first care is that its pages be readable, for we believe that matters of human interest and practical vocational help are more to be desired by our readers than stereotyped "trade notes" and dry-as-dust statistical matter.

We want it to be regarded as a steady and reliable source of information, profit and entertainment by that vast army of 150,000 workfolk which constitutes our field.

Atlantic Fisherman

A "FARM" JOURNAL FOR THE
HARVESTERS OF THE SEA

Vol. VI. JUNE, 1925 No. 5

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However, we are not responsible for claims against individuals or firms adjudicated bankrupt, or where estates are in receivers hands, or against whom bankruptcy or receivership proceedings are pending.

Nor shall we attempt to adjust trifling disputes between subscribers and honorable business men. This offer holds good for one month after the transaction causing the complaint.

To take advantage of this guarantee subscribers must always state in writing to or talking with any of our advertisers: "I saw your advertisement in ATLANTIC FISHERMAN."

The Over-Zealous Rum Chasers

WHILE considerable publicity has been given in the public press to the efficiency of the so-called rum chasers in choking the influx of liquor from the offshore armada, we have reason to doubt if equal publicity is given to the wholesale damage committed by the same flotilla of rum chasers to valuable nets and other gear of fishermen who apparently have little redress, if any indeed.

It is reasonable to assume a certain amount of this damage is avoidable, and that much of it is the direct result of gross incompetence in the handling of the rum chasers. While we are told occasionally, by announcements in the press regarding captures, how chasers stalked the rum running craft and hovered about in ambush, running and waiting without lights in order to surprise and take them unawares when returning with contraband on board, the public is never enlightened as to the damage caused the innocent fishermen whose nets are destroyed as the chaser ruthlessly dashes through the darkness under full speed, its engines grinding a swath through the costly gear of the unfortunate fisherman. Nor does the public at large understand that the fisherman's nets are lighted by carefully spaced floats with lanterns for avoidance of this very thing.

Lobster fishermen complain of having their pots cut adrift, but it is reasonable to assume that such careless destruction may be just as well attributed to the pursued as to the pursuer. Either way the fisherman suffers, and has to stand such loss without recompense. Why, in heaven's name, are not the commanders of chasers instructed in the various procedures of fishing?

As regards incompetence or carelessness of many of those in charge of rum chasers, there is no room for doubt. Yachtsmen last season complained bitterly that when chasers overhauled them they were more likely to come alongside with a bang than otherwise, resulting in scraped and discolored sides or a broken rail, if not more serious damage.

It was not so long ago a fishing schooner numbered
(Continued on page 19)

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The Half Mast Flag

There it is in the riggin'—

I can see it plain, can't you?

Sure as you're standing here, boy

She's lost some of her crew.

Many's the time I've seen it,

That flag half down on the stay,

And though I'm old and hardened,

As you see by this thatch of gray,

I never look at a flag, son

With that mourning dip so drear,

But I think of the years I went, boy—

And still I'm here, I'm here!

While some good scout, young fellow,

Some lad with a wife or ma,

Is left out there in the fog perhaps,

'Round Sable Island bar.

But here she is at the pier, boy—

She's thrown her line on the dock—

Let's go and hail the gang, lad;

Bet they feel too bad to talk.

ARTHUR L. MILLETT.

(The above poem was inspired by the reproduction of Patterson's painting which appeared in the advertisement of the Columbia Rope Company on the front cover of our April issue.—Ed.)



In the Old Clipper Days **STRATFORD OAKUM**

was the choice of the master ship builders all along the Atlantic sea board.

In the present day of high labor costs and high standards of efficiency, Stratford Oakum is still supreme.

Its superior quality and real economy have been proved through nearly a century of service.

GEORGE STRATFORD OAKUM CO.
Jersey City, N. J.

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DIESEL ENGINES 7 1-2 to 125 BHP
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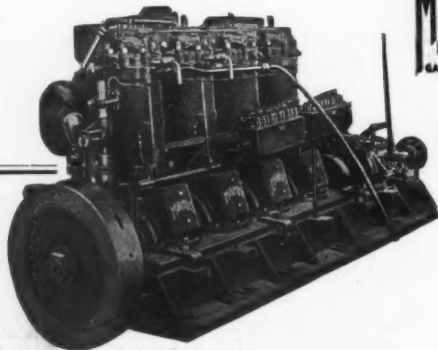
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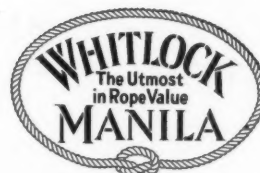
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**Dependable
Serves Longer
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*Write for samples, prices
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WHITLOCK CORDAGE CO.

46 South Street, New York
226 State Street, Boston, Mass.

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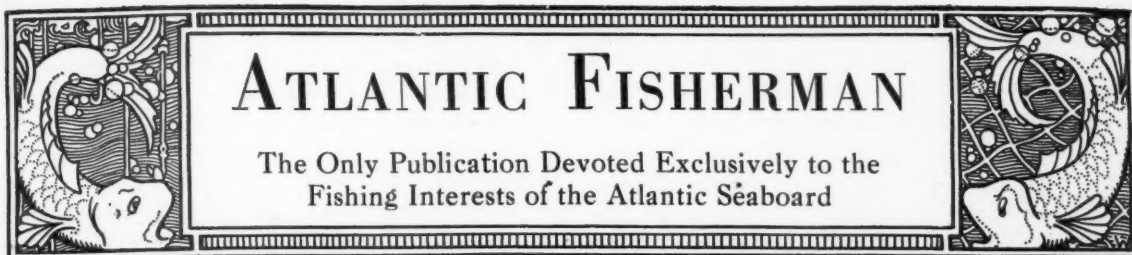
**REAL GENUINE SEA
ISLAND COTTON**

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LONG STAPLE COTTON**

Factory to You—No Middlemen

National Net & Twine Co., Inc.

East Haddam, Connecticut.



ATLANTIC FISHERMAN

The Only Publication Devoted Exclusively to the
Fishing Interests of the Atlantic Seaboard

Vol. VI.

JUNE, 1925

No. 5

Some Sword Fishing Recollections

BY ALBERT COOK CHURCH

SWORDFISH at eighty-one cents a pound! Not a retail figure in the Sahara Desert, either, but paid in Boston a few days ago for the first fish this season from Block Island. A record price that started all hands hustling out their gear and sent the whole swordfishing fleet scurrying off to get busy on the offshore grounds. Nobody expects to get more than thirty cents for the next trip, but big figures have a way of appealing to everyone, and it gives us something to talk about after the day's work is done.

Big prices, yes, and how about the rest. Some years ago it was when I recollect a trip of swords that came into a New England port along late one afternoon, just after the freight had pulled out and the rush was all over. She was a snug little vessel, well down in the water and all slicked up nice after her spell offshore under the broiling sun off Nantucket lightship. Somebody said she had a corking trip under her hatches, had been out several weeks though and short of ice. Afterwards they told me the best offer they got for fish was half a cent a pound, and the trip went overboard to save the price of the ice. The same little vessel went down a few years ago, during the big summer breeze that caught the fleet in shoal water.

Big trips, yes, that always starts an argument; who got the most. I remember a load the *Shepherd King* brought in once, and as my recollection serves it was 276, but I didn't count to make sure, so really I don't know. But she had the awful heap of 'em, and some were in that same condition. Couldn't hang 'em up by the necks; not much!

Looking back a few years is always interesting because we can see how much we've gone ahead, in some ways, at least. How different the vessels looked a few years ago, compared to what we have today! There was the old *Laughing Waters* of Portland, Maine, with her low sides and raking spars; little slender sticks they were, too. Her stern was one of those broad flat affairs that have gone out of style these many years, and I well remember how out of place she

looked when the saucy little *Massasoit* slid past her one day. Jim Fowler was on the *Massasoit* then, the same Jim that ended his days scraping spars down to Gloucester some years ago. A few days later I saw the old *Laughing Waters* on the marine railway at Fairhaven, so I went across to have a look at her. She was an old one, built down to Bath in 1866, and had a net tonnage of 29. There were seams under her bottom wide as a split eel, but she appeared to be fairly sound at that. But the thing that interested me was something they found sticking in her planking. A swordfish's sword. It had gone clear through, and been there sometime. What a wollop that must have been, what?

Some of you fishermen who have been at the game for years could tell some hair raising tales of just such experiences as this must have been. Dories all splintered up, sword holes through your boots, and lucky t'wasn't your belly instead. Every season we hear more or less about such narrow escapes, when you happen to tackle an old bird that has a streak of temper—when he feels the line yank his backbone, and sees the shadow of a dory close aboard.

The seasoned fisherman thinks little of this so long as he lands the fish. All in the days work. But there must have been many a close call to some of you, maybe closer than you realized until it was all over. When a boy I always had a hankering to see how the trick was done. Seemed to me a good deal like whaling on a small scale; so I was always anxious to see the real thing in the good old fashioned way. At last an opportunity came and I had the good fortune to go out with one of the highliners that could strike a swordfish where there weren't any.

Of course you know what I really mean. Men like Ben Latham and Tack Wheeler. That's the kind, born with swordfishes blood or something like that. They could swat a swordfish in a seaway ten feet under water and think nothing of it. If they missed it was the only thing that surprised anybody. All the lookout had to do was to spot 'em, and the fish was a sure goner.

I never had the luck to see either of these two cracka-jacks in action, but the man I saw then for the first time was good enough for me. He struck 33 fish before he lost one, and that day no one else got any at all in our vicinity. I'll say he's good, and if any are better it's not so much.

Myself having a crushed foot, there was plenty of time for reflection, and a swordfisherman was a good place to have it. The craft was a new vessel, sloop rig, fifty feet long and she had plenty of freeboard forward. Just right for a good swordfisherman, and her engine was a 45 horse Bridgeport that worked like perfection. She could make eight knots under power, which was good going for those times.

The boat hailed from Boston, but we started out from New Bedford, bound for the grounds off Block Island, where fish were reported to be plenty. But the unexpected always happens, and before we got out of Buzzards Bay we spoke an inbound schooner with a trip of 27 swords, taken off South Shoal. The skipper immediately altered the course, and we headed for the Shoal under full speed.

"He said plenty of fish and nobody there," said the skipper, "But there'll be somebody there pretty soon if this machine don't bust," and away we went for the grounds, making good speed every hour.

After passing out by Gay Head and Nomansland the men went aloft to have a look around, to spot any stray fish that might be in the vicinity, but all that day we sped along without seeing any signs, not even a shark did we see. At dark we anchored for the night.

Early next morning we again got under way and cruised about all day, but we couldn't spy anything that even looked like a swordfish, or much of anything else. We saw two or three vessels and spoke one of the Jackson boys from Edgartown, but saw none of them make a strike, and the Edgartown sloop reported seeing but few fish. But we continued on, for the spot we were bound for was still some distance away, and the skipper felt sure he could find the spot where the fish were. "West-nor-west from the lightship, 12 miles" said the skipper, and we were there the next morning.

A fine day it promised, and a fine day it proved to be. By six o'clock we had breakfast and were under way, three men at the lookout at the masthead. The keen eyed men aloft scanned the oily sea closely as we rolled along over the swell, but not a suspicious ripple could they see. The day wore on, and the sun's rays beat down fiercely as the sun rose higher in the sky, but no signs of swordfish.

Suddenly a tiny black speck cut the waters surface a quarter of a mile away, and as suddenly the skipper's watchful eye discovered it.

"Starboard, hard a starboard!" he roared, and "Starboard hard-a-starboard" answered the cook, spinning

the wheel over mechanically, and around we swung.

"Steady!" yelled the skipper, and with a whiz he came sliding down the jibstay, landing on the bowsprit tip and scrambling in the pulpit. With a couple of deft twists he cleared the harpoon and braced himself, ready for Mr. Swordfish. Thick and fast came orders from aloft as the wary fish doubled and turned, hardly swimming more than a few yards in any one particular direction. But the orders from aloft were based on good judgment and the cook's dexterity marvelously accurate, and slowly we closed in on the fish. Suddenly, just as we were almost within striking distance, he settled and went under water.

"See him?" yelled the skipper, glancing anxiously around.

"Dead ahead!" roared the lookouts, all together.

"I got yer Steve", and with a vicious jab the skipper plunged the iron clear through the surprised swordfish, directly beneath him and away it went, taking pole and all.

"All right, skipper," from the masthead, signaling the fish was fast, and the cook sprang forward to clear the line as it rapidly disappeared overboard after the wounded swordfish.

When the line ran out the keg was chucked overboard after it, and away it went sailing astern at a lively pace. This didn't last long, and soon one of the gang went out in the dory to haul him. Being a brand new experience to me this was all very interesting. There was little fight in this chap, and he sagged down on the line for a while, but soon yielded to persuasion as the line was slowly hauled in hand over hand. I saw the man give him a couple of jabs with the lance at the dory gunwale, then we ran down to pick him up.

When we hoisted the fish aboard he was still alive, but not much vitality was left in him. I watched the process curiously, as the sword was first chopped off close to his head, and then they slid him down under a canvas cover in the cockpit, to be dressed later on.

But there was little time to attend to that just then. Fish began to show up all around us. The vessel spun around continually as we maneuvered among them, the skipper being in his glory striking at every possible chance, and not one did he miss that day. Nor the next, although it breezed up, and we spoke the old schooner *Two Brothers* of Boston, who had just come around the Cape. They told us they spoke the lightship and asked if they'd seen any fish, but was told they hadn't.

"If a swordfish came up alongside 'em an' sharpened his sword on her stem they wouldn't know nuthin about it", bawled her skipper disgustedly, when he found we had loaded up that very day just a few miles off. He swung to the westward, but I never heard how she made out.

Sword Fishing

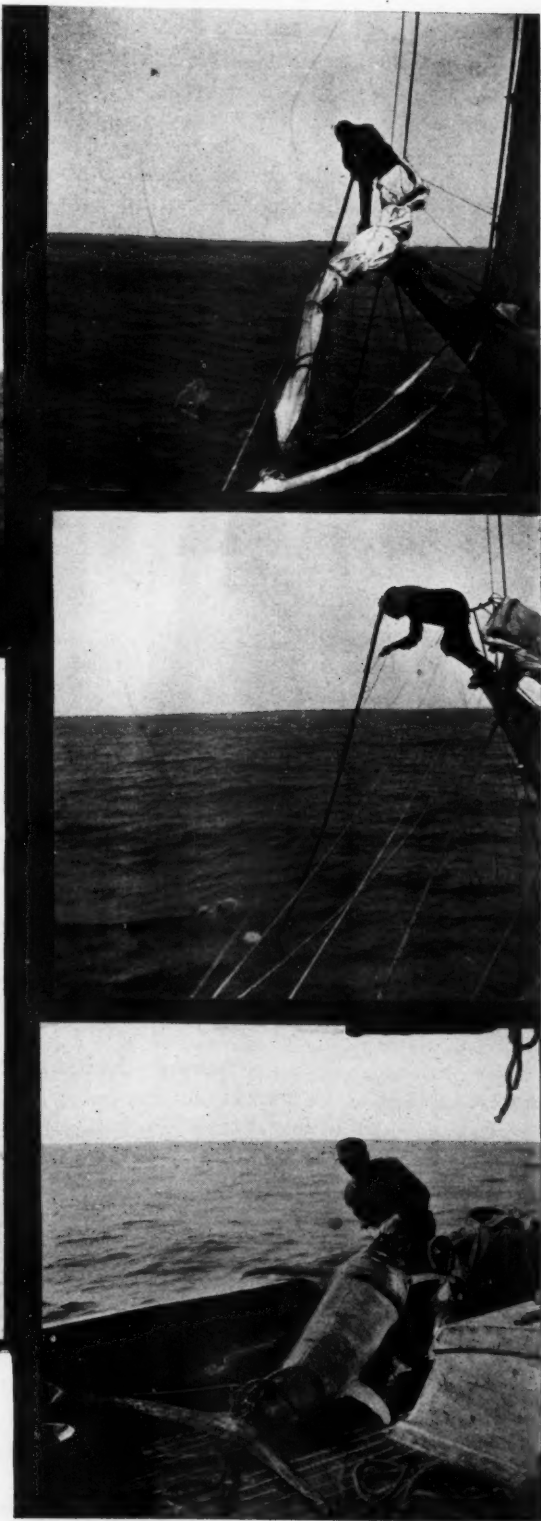
Illustrating Mr. Church's story beginning on Page 7. Photos by the author.



Upper Left—The old Conquest of Noank, Connecticut.

Lower Left—Frank Lynch's Reita of Nantucket.

Right—Three action pictures aboard a sworder.



Fishing Notes From Maine

BY THE FISHERMEN'S DOCTOR

IN June, 1924, the schooner *Eva* brought a cargo of salt into Old Harbor for the Parkhurst Fisheries, and duty was assessed on it at seven cents per bushel. Under protest the Parkhurst Fisheries paid this duty. Under the workings of the law prior to this time the larger and documented vessels have been able to get and use imported salt for use at sea, and in the harbor, duty free, while the undocumented, smaller vessels and the motorboats of the coast fishermen have had to pay duty on all the imported salt used in their business. In argument for remission of this duty it was urged that the United States wants to encourage production of fish, and especially wants to encourage production of the best quality of fish. Certainly it is unfair and unwise to make the small boat fishermen pay duty on salt, while the larger and documented vessels sailing from the larger ports are exempt from the payment of such duty. Fish caught by the small boat fleets are landed when only a few hours out of water, and constitute the very best of our quality fish. Consequently, in the interest of quality, the government should make it as easy as possible for the small craft to operate.

Congressman A. Piatt Andrew, of Massachusetts, first interested in the matter by the Parkhursts, worked long and faithfully on the subject and has succeeded in securing a ruling from the Attorney-General of the United States, based on section 313 of the U. S. Treasury laws, which reads as follows:

Provided—that imported salt in bond may be used in curing fish taken by vessels licensed to engage in fisheries, and in curing fish on shores of navigable waters of the United States under such regulations as the Secretary of the Treasury shall prescribe, and upon proof that salt has been used for either purpose stated in this proviso the duties on same shall be remitted.

So, thanks to Congressman Andrew and the Parkhursts, the duty on salt is remitted for the shore fishermen.

Elmer McGlashie has gone to Jonesport to bring back a motorboat which he has had built for him there during the past winter, and in which he will fish for the Parkhurst Fisheries.

Ben Mallet of Rockland has come to Swans Island to fish for the same Company.

Seth Joyce has his new boat in commission and is busy trawling, and, for the present, till his own new boat is ready, Walter Joyce goes with him.

Ray Tinker is building a weir at Garden Point Cove in Atlantic.

Trawlers are receiving 85 cents per cwt. for hake at the fishstands.

Halibut are coming in a little more numerous and fetch 15 cents a pound.

Saturday, June 6, Ben and Alma Davis put out from

Frenchboro at 2 A. M., and some distance outside John's Island set out their trawls, and after hauling had about 4000 pounds of fish aboard. Returning, when about 2½ miles off Long Island, the boat began to leak badly, and they bailed, but the water kept gaining till the fly-wheel of the engine was half under water, and luckily the engine kept on going. Getting fairly near to Long Island Head Ben tied a line about him and went overboard and tried to swim to the land with the line. In the icy cold water he couldn't make it and Alma hauled him back to the boat just in time to save him from foundering. Momentum carried the boat in further and presently she struck on a submerged ledge, turned over, and dumped out crew and fish and everything movable, and sunk. Ben and Alma both managed to get ashore. At the present time the fate of the boat is uncertain, but it is thought that she cannot be salvaged. If the sea had been rough both lives would have been lost.

Local weirmen are getting plenty of herring. The lobstermen of Joyce's Beach have been getting plenty of fresh bait at White Island. Yesterday, George Carter, at Seal Cove, took out four hundred bushels of herring for the Underwood factory at Bass Harbor, and had plenty left.

Kelley & Dawes have two hundred bushels impounded. Herrick & Dawes are getting fish.

George Robbins at Opechee is getting herring. Herring prices are 60 cents per bushel, large lots for packing plants, and \$1 a bushel for fishermen for bait.

Several weirmen report that seals are raising the devil with their weirs. The seals bite at the twine and tear it, and sometimes rush right through the twine and let herring loose. The state bounty on seals ought to be restored.

The local fishermen are pleased that state detectives and lobster wardens have at last captured parties who have been running short lobsters to Massachusetts. A small smack, originally built to run rum, but found to be too slow for the present activities of that business and unable to cope with the coastguards, had been loaded up with barrels and crates and stationed off Duck Island, and the operator bought short lobsters at 10 cents apiece from some misguided fishers, not bona fide lobstermen, who thought they saw a chance to make a dollar at the expense of damaging the lobster industry. When the smackman got a load he carried them to Massachusetts and sold them at a good profit, caring not at all about the law or the good of the fisheries. The operator made at least one successful trip. On his return from the south'd wardens and sheriff were laying for him in the vicinity of outer Duck Island, in Herbert Thurston's speedy motorboat. The officers kept out of sight and apparently one or two men were handling from the boat. After various small boats, some of which were definitely spotted, had come and had sold to the smackman, the wardens got their boat under way

(Continued on page 18)

Life Sketch of a Real Seaman— The Late Capt. Bill Herrick

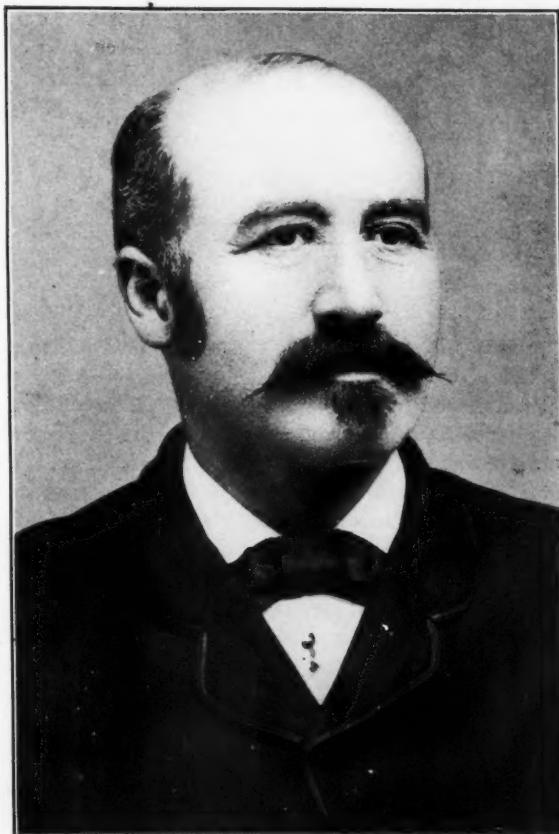
BY DR. ISAAC B. GAGE

CAPTAIN William Herrick, than whom there was no more famed nor able fishing skipper of the North Atlantic, has left us, and has passed on to the snug harbor of rest and reward so well deserved by him after a long and active lifetime of successful endeavor devoted to the fisheries industries.

The passing of Captain Herrick stirs the memory of many an old-timer, and hosts of friends along the Atlantic coast and elsewhere mourn the loss of him. Former shipmates and fellow fishermen will be interested to read the record of his career.

William Herrick was born on Swan's Island, in Hancock County, Maine, November 6, 1841. Naturally, from the start he was interested in maritime affairs, and especially with the life of a fisherman. He went to school and later taught school on Swan's Island in his early youth; but the life of a landsman was not for him. Early he sought a berth aboard a fisherman. Although only a boy in years, he soon took his place among the crew and from his aptitude in learning seamanship and his ability as a fisherman, he won his right to share and share alike with the older men in all the duties and hardships of a fisherman, as well as in the joys and profits. It did not take many trips to make him capable of handling any fishing vessel of the times.

He was eighteen years of age when a Gloucester outfitter saw ability and promise in the boy and with some hesitancy, for there were many men more experienced and longer tried who were seeking a skipper's berth, sent him out on his first trip as master of a vessel. His sailing orders were for Fundy after a trip of cod. Provisions were taken for a two weeks' trip, and it was expressly stipulated that the vessel return at the end of that period to fit for a mackerel trip. Captain Bill sailed to Fundy but found no fish in the bay; that is, no fish satisfactory for a successful trip. He tried in many a spot finally using up his bait. Then he went into Digby and baited up, set sail for Quereau but found no fish there. In the meantime the ship's stores had been used up and very little water was left, yet, determined to make a successful trip, the young captain drove her for the Grand Bank of Newfoundland. Arrived on soundings he sighted a large fleet of French barks. He spoke to them, but neither he nor his crew could understand much of the frog lingo. Most of the Frenchmen were out trawling in what seemed to be yawl-boats, and not in dories as is our custom. So William Herrick sailed his vessel along the line, and with himself at the masthead, inspected every boat. All had small, scrappy fish except the last boat in the line, which was well filled



CAPTAIN WILLIAM HERRICK

with fine, large fish. Right there he anchored, and with a 500-hook trawl a fifteen foot dory was filled in short order, all dandy cod. With all the crew busy, he kept at it until he had wet all his salt, and the vessel was filled with fish.

But all the grub was gone with nothing left except oatmeal, and all the water was gone save what they could catch from time to time in their staysail. With considerable difficulty they managed to secure a barrel of water from the French fleet, but no grub. All the time the fog was very dense. Hungry, yet happy, they hove up the mudhook and started for Canso which they made in 24 hours. There the vessel grubbed up, and left immediately for Gloucester. Herrick had been gone seven weeks, all told, and the vessel had been advertised as lost. Naturally young Captain Herrick figured that he had lost his job for over-riding orders. Arrived at Gloucester and the fish taken out, the captain reported at the office for what was coming to him. The man-

ager led him out to the dock, pointed to the many vessels about, and told him to take his pick, and to get ready to go after mackerel.

Choosing the schooner *Marsalia* (it was then in the year 1864) he was soon fitted out and made a successful trip for mackerel along the New England coast. The next year, '65, he took the *James Sayward* out of Gloucester, cruised along the New England and Canadian coasts, and led the high-liners of the mackerel fleet. The next season, 1866, he took the schooner *Huntress* of Gloucester and made a good-pay cruise for mackerel in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The next two years, '67 and '68, in the *Barbara Frúchie*, he went trawling on the Banks. The years 1869 and '70 were spent in shore fishing in the schooner *Clara*. Then in 1871, in the *William J. Dale*, he made exceptionally good cruises after mackerel in the Bay of St. Lawrence, and repeated the performance the next season in the schooner *Pioneer* along the New England coast. In 1873 he took the schooner *Eliza K. Parker* to the Banks and brought back all the cod she would hold.

In 1874, in the schooner *Amos Cutter*, he cruised all over the Bay of Fundy without much luck. From there he went to Sable Island, and finding conditions but little better, he made for St. Peter's Island and on to the western end of the Grand Banks. Finding fish in plenty at St. Peter's Bank, in seven days he filled his vessel with fish, and then sailed for port. He had been out of Gloucester eleven weeks, and arrived back there on the very day when the owners were posting the notice of the vessel's loss. Captain Herrick objected to having the notice posted.

Later, in the same vessel, while lying in the little gut of Canso, he experienced the big gale in which sixty sails were wrecked and many lives were lost. His cables parted, and the vessel was thrown high up on the grass away from the water. Captain Bill stayed by his vessel, had ways built, relaunched her, and took her back to Gloucester with an empty hold, the first, last and only time he failed to bring in a cargo. That he saved the vessel was considered a miracle by the owners.

In 1875 he sailed in the *Glad Tidings*, being owner as well as skipper. He made a good catch of mackerel. Next year, 1876, in the *Rebecca M. Atwood*, which he also owned, he made several trips to the West Indies carrying fruit to the New York markets. He was one of the pioneers in the fruit carrying business, but was not yet weaned from fishing; in fact, he never was. In 1877 he chartered the schooner *Cayenne*, and again took his place as king of mackerel catchers, cruising largely in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence.

In 1878, the *Augusta E. Herrick* was built for him. At that time the *Herrick* was considered the finest thing afloat among vessels. She was very sharp, a departure from the previous type of bluff-bowed vessel, was unique in having a centreboard, a new thing among fishermen, and she had a very long overhanging stern.

From 1878 to 1889, Captain Bill sailed the *Augusta*

Herrick fishing, carrying fruit from the West Indies to New York, and engaging in general business, all the time winning fame for the skipper and renown for the schooner. In 1882, in the *Augusta E.*, he sailed through Long Island Sound, out through Hell Gate and down the Jersey shore and joined the mackerel fleet at Delaware Breakwater. He was the first to get busy, and in a gale loaded his vessel to capacity with mackerel. Sighting the *Elsie*, Captain Seavey, ahead of him on the run to market, his sporting blood was aroused; and then followed a most exciting race in bad weather. The *Augusta Herrick*, with Captain Bill in charge, simply could not be beaten. The *Elsie* was overhauled and left astern, and eventually lost her top hamper. But the *Herrick* kept on, passed the Goddess of Liberty and fetched up all-standing at Fulton pier, grabbing the top of the market.

The schooner was sold and for a number of years Captain Herrick carried on a successful wholesale fish business in Boston but, as before stated, he could not leave off fishing. In 1892 he again went after mackerel and got them, too, in the *Effie T. Kemp*. He then sold that vessel and went into the sardine business at Swan's Island. Later he decided to stay ashore permanently, so he opened the Ocean View Hotel at Swan's Island and entertained hosts of well-satisfied guests and countless friends. But yet he could not really give up fishing. In 1902 in the *Vesta*, and once again in the *Hazel Oneta*, he went mackerel fishing and upheld his fame among the mackerel catchers.

Thereafter he conducted his hotel and stayed ashore in so far as one does stay ashore at Swan's Island, where naturally everyone is boat-wise and does as much travelling afloat as ashore. Captain Herrick still went fishing, in small boats, and kept his hotel bountifully supplied with fish direct out of the ocean. Many's the time he has beaten the younger men in fetching in the largest halibut.

Mrs. Augusta E. Herrick died several years ago, and left the good old captain to carry on the hotel alone.

Captain William Herrick died in May, 1925, and was buried at Swan's Island. He leaves a son, Charles Freeman Herrick, whose many fine stories of the thrilling adventures of Captain Bill and his schooner, the *Augusta E. Herrick*, have appeared in the issues of the Atlantic Fisherman.

Captain William Herrick has passed, but fond memory of him will long remain among the fishermen afloat and ashore.

Sardines By The Ton

A record catch of sardines recently brought fortune and joy into the homes of poor fishermen along the coast of Spain.

With the aid of artificial light the fishermen in one night brought in 30,000 kilograms (33 tons) of sardines. The catch was sold for about five centimes per kilogram and sent into the interior of Spain.

Bowdoin Starts on Third Arctic Voyage

ONCE more the fascination of the north has called Donald B. MacMillan. On June 17th he plans to sail on his third Arctic expedition in the *Bowdoin*, that staunch little vessel, built on fisherman lines, which has served him so well in his previous explorations.

This expedition has quite a different object in view than was the case with his Baffan Land expeditions of 1921 and 1922 and his North Greenland trip of 1924. This time MacMillan plans to explore that great unknown area between Alaska and the North Pole, with its 1,000,000 square miles, in which he hopes to find land. The Pole, evidently, is merely an incidental objective. The Navy Department is supplying three planes and the personnel to man them, and

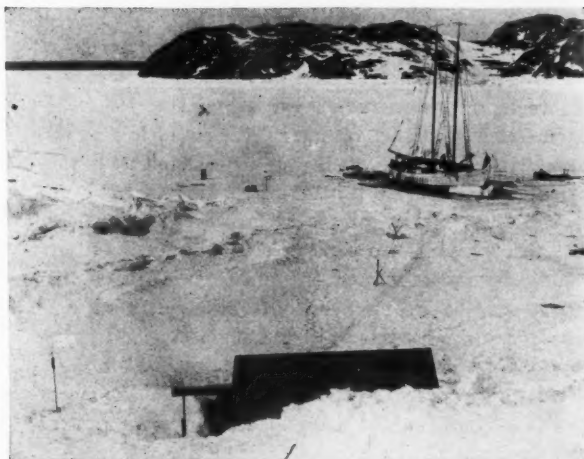


FIGURE 3. In Winter quarters at refuge Harbor, North Greenland, within twelve degrees of the pole.



FIGURE 2. The *Bowdoin* forced on the rocks by the ice pack in Refuge Harbor.

the expedition is under the auspices of the National Geographic Society.

The *Peary*, a steam vessel, will accompany the *Bowdoin* to Etah, which will be the northernmost base, which they expect to reach by August 1. Etah is about 700 miles from the North Pole. Two of the planes will hop to a base to be established 150 miles north of Etah.

The *Bowdoin* is a trim little knockabout schooner of 15 tons net, built of wood by Hodgdon Brothers of East Boothbay, Maine, from designs by William H. Hand, Jr., and Doctor MacMillan. Her principal specifications are as follows:

Length overall, 87 ft. 1 in.; beam, 21 ft.; draft, 10 ft. 6 in. She is schooner rigged and has a 60 h. p. Fairbanks-Morse "C-O" oil

engine as auxiliary. Her design resembles that of a fisherman, but her underbody is turned to resist the action of the ice. There is nothing of the ice-breaker about the *Bowdoin*. She never tries to smash her way through. Her way is to humor the ice, not to pit her strength against it, nor to resist it. Her egg-shape hull will not permit of the breaking of her ribs by the pressure of flanking ice floes. Running against a floe she merely slides up on top of it until the opportunity comes for her to return to the water.

On her previous expeditions the *Bowdoin* has given a very fine account of herself. The service is about as severe as can be imagined, as is evidenced by the accompanying illustrations.



FIGURE 4. The *Bowdoin* in the grip of the Arctic.

Choice of auxiliary power was one of the primary considerations, for the safety of the expedition was dependent on it. The final selection of an oil engine was a fine tribute to this type of power.

On the two previous expeditions not the slightest difficulty was encountered with the oil engine. Following a long imprisonment of 274 days in the ice at 64 degrees north latitude, with temperature as low as 60 below zero, Fahrenheit, there was some doubt as to the engine starting readily, Doctor MacMillan fearing that the extreme cold might have seriously injured certain parts through excessive contraction. They had simply drained the water off and left the engine as she was without even taking off a cylinder head. Heating the plugs and turning on the air, the engine was off as if she had stopped but the night before.

That was a 45 h. p. engine. The *Bowdoin* has since taken a 60 h. p. of the same make, additional power being desired.

If everything goes well it is expected that the expedition will be back at Boston by the latter part of September.

Resembling a fisherman both in her design and construction and in her equipment, the *Bowdoin* certifies to the good judgment of our present day fishing skippers.

Race Looks Favorable

AT last things look as though it is pretty certain that there will be a fishermen's race this fall. It has not been generally known how slim the chances were for a while, it being almost impossible for the small group who have always given so much to this movement to get the support of enough folks to make the race feasible this year. It almost seems as if the people who have been backward about going ahead wholeheartedly are those that secure the most benefit, so it is strange that there is any hesitancy. However, everything is coming along in good shape now, and the whole thing has at least the moral support of everyone.

A committee has been appointed to look after the sale of the stock in the *Columbia*, and as most everyone agrees that it is no more than right that the burden of retaining an American vessel in shape to contend with the best of the Down-Easters should no longer be carried by a few, there is little doubt but what the stock will be taken up.

The committee is made up of Captain William Thom-

as, Marion Cooney and Henry Brown of the Columbia Associates; William McInnis, Thomas Carroll and Wil-mot Reed of the American Race Committee; and from the Gloucester Chamber of Commerce, Arthur Frazier, Fred Gorman and Walter Brown.

It may be that after the race this year a plan might be worked out so that the *Columbia* will have a chance to fish profitably until the following fall, so that anyone who is considering buying a share or two of stock need not feel that he is only doing his part toward furthering a means of tremendous benefit to the fishing industry. On the contrary it is an investment in one of the finest schooners afloat.

Proper Application of Copper Oleate

By E. J. PIEPER, President E. J. Pieper & Co.

BECAUSE there has been a wide variation in the results obtained by fishermen from copper oleate in the past, these instructions are written. From the same localities we have had an occasional bad report along with the good ones. This proves that the procedure followed in the treatment and use of the compound was different.

We believe that at first a great many fishermen gave their nets a "lick and a promise" treatment and expected too much. Our directions are the same for all kinds of gear, and state that Pycoleate should be dissolved in the proper proportion of 40 pounds to 33 gallons of kerosene, and that the netting be allowed to soak over night or for twenty-four hours.

We only recommend the use of gasoline for light gear and twine. In the case of gasoline the nets should not be soaked any longer than three to four hours because of the quick evaporation of the solvent.

Either hang the nets to dry or roll them on a reel. Spreading them over the ground, particularly hot sand, is very injurious.

If these directions are followed the results will show that Pycoleate is far superior to tar as a preservative.

There is one complaint in particular that we have had. This is that fish seem to gill much less in netting that has been treated with a copper oleate compound. This is due to the fact that the fishermen expect to obtain the same amount of shrinkage that they get with tar, which is not the case. An allowance should be made for this lack of shrinkage, or in other words a smaller mesh netting should be used with Pycoleate.

The Gloucester Master Mariners' Association Year Book

1925 EDITION

A complete review of the activities of the fishing industry during the year 1924. It gives interesting figures on the amounts of fish caught, packed, where caught, where landed, prices, etc., etc., for last year as compared to previous seasons.

The book is nicely printed and bound in imitation leather. Every fisherman will want to have a copy at home as a permanent record of the business in which he is engaged.

Also pictures and facts on the vessels.

There is a list which gives the names, size, horsepower, when and where built, names and addresses of the owners and fitters of the fishing vessels out of all Atlantic ports.

Send \$2 to the Association at Gloucester for your copy.

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NEW Brunswick is sending a few lobsters to the Boston market now that the Nova Scotia season has closed.

The Maine fishermen are receiving from 30 to 35 cents at the smacks.

Big Season Closes In Nova Scotia

In Nova Scotia the lobster fishing season of 1925 has officially closed, and figures indicate that it was the largest in recent years. The fleet of smacks operated by the Consolidated Lobster Co. carried 516,000 pounds of the crustaceans from various points along the shore to Boston during the three months. Boston also received 16,357 packages via the Yarmouth steamers. Last year the number of packages was 9,652.

The smack *Speedwell* completed her Nova Scotia work with what looks to be the season's biggest trip—17,000 pounds from Abbot's Harbor.

An Old Story 25 Years Ago

The New London Day reprints an item published in its issues of April 21, 1900, which proves that fishermen 25 years ago were just as disposed as those of the present day to hark back to "the good old days when lobsters were plentiful". This old news item says in part: "Captain Wilbur, veteran lobsterman of Quiamabaug, spoke of the great scarcity of lobsters, showing by comparison that in 1880 he took 1,000 pounds of lobsters from 30 pots in five days. Just before this interview he hauled 39 pots, overboard for two days without being disturbed. The catch was 26 small lobsters. When Captain Wilbur

first went into the business he sold his catch by the season at three cents a pound. He predicted that the lobsters would be decimated until the business would be abandoned."

Fishermen Tender Lobster Feast*

On Tuesday, April 7, the Maine Sea and Shore Fisheries Commission tendered a lobster feast to the Maine Legislature, Maine fishermen furnishing the lobsters. The banquet was attended by two hundred and sixty people, including the whole legislature, judges of the Supreme Court who were in Augusta, and other invited guests.

The menu consisted of good, old Maine lobster stew; Maine lobster, plain; Maine fried scallops; ice cream; cake; coffee; ginger-ale and Poland Spring water. The Bath Orchestra, one of the best in the state, played continually during the feasting. Post-prandial speeches were made by Governor Brewster, Justice Spear and Justice Bassett. Commissioners Thompson and Cahill and Director Crie were present and added to the occasion.

Commissioner Cahill and Charlie Brown, Superintendent of Public Buildings at Augusta, had charge of the banquet and the decorations. The festive occasion was held at the Augusta Y. M. C. A. The hall was decorated with bunting and flags and the table prettily decorated in red and green. The entire affair was a great success and none of those in attendance will easily forget it. It redounded to the credit of the Fisheries Commission and Maine lobstermen, and went a long way in helping to boom Maine.

*NOTE—This item was crowded out of our May issue.—Ed.

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TO THE SOUTH'ARD



With the Fishermen

Reports from Capt. Sam Cahoon of Woods Hole, who handles most of the fish from the island traps, state that three times as many fish and lobsters have been caught this spring as there have for a number of years.

Two hundred and forty-two barrels of scup were shipped last week by the four Gay Head traps, which is the biggest catch of scup, not only for a week but for a season, known since the pockets at Seaconnet went adrift 18 years ago. The hand liners also shipped about 100 barrels of pollock, caught for the most part, on the "Bridge".

Last month's shipment of lobsters from the sound and bay, was 12,000, just 9,000 more than it was for the month of April one year ago.

Several of the Island boats have been reported in New York with mackerel from the "southard".

The first catch of mackerel in local waters reported so far is 250 taken by the sloop Idlewild of Edgartown. They were caught off Nomansland last Saturday night.

Harry Peakes set his first trap in the bay last Friday, and got his first haul of scup Monday. The catch was 20 barrels, and they were sold at Wood's Hole. The price was somewhat better than it was a few days previous.

Otter trawler, Annie May, Capt. Wade, took 5,000 flounders into Newport last Monday. They sold for two cents a pound. Dealers refused to guarantee a price of two cents for further catches for the week.—*Vineyard Gazette*.

New Concern for Beaufort

A new fish company has been organized in Beaufort, North Carolina. A charter has been granted by the Secretary of State to the Atlantic Fisheries Corporation of Beaufort and it has the authority to catch and dispose of fish and all water products. The company is authorized to issue \$100,000 worth of stock and W. B. Blades of New Bern, W. A. Mace and J. F. Duncan of Beaufort are the incorporators. The new company has bought the Chadwick factory at Lenoxville and will go into the fish scrap and oil business.

Hatchery to Be Established

T. R. Hodges, Florida shell fish commissioner, will take immediate steps to establish a salt water fish hatchery for raising fish to be planted in Florida waters, he announced recently. This is made possible by the recent appropriation by the legislature.

Mr. Hodges said that the federal government will put in a \$50,000 hatchery to match the one established by the state.

F. D. Fant, president of the United States Fisheries Association, and chairman of the executive committee of the Southern Fisheries Association, has been presented with the pen which Governor Martin used in signing the salt water fish bill—*Tarpon Springs, Fla., Leader*.

Mullet Fisheries Declining

The suspicion of the Florida fishermen that their mullet fishery was declining is borne out by statistics just released by the Bureau of Fisheries. The East Coast production in 1918, was 10,417,889 pounds valued at \$397,147, as compared with 6,198,200 pounds valued at \$194,092 in 1923. There was a considerable decline in the catch of certain of the other important Florida fishes, such as pompano, sheepshead, shad, Spanish mackerel, etc. On the other hand there was an increase in the catch of shrimp from 8,867,918 pounds valued at \$266,651 in 1918 to 11,024,045 pounds valued at \$385,361 in 1923. There was also an increase of about 500,000 pounds in the catch of menhaden. The total catch for the East Coast, amounted to 86,895,922 pounds with a value of \$1,719,921. Manhaden is used for oil and fertilizer. *New Smyrna (Fla.) News*.

Chesapeake Bay Crab Industries

The crab industry of Chesapeake Bay continues to be the subject of an intensive investigation which was begun last autumn. Following a conference at Annapolis on November 14, 1924, Commissioner Lee, of Virginia, detailed J. P. M. Joyce to work under the direction of the Bureau of Fisheries at Hampton, Va.; and with the beginning of the summer crab fishery of Maryland, Commissioner Earle appointed an assistant to work under the direction of the Bureau of Fisheries at Crisfield, Md. These two assistants, under the direct supervision of R. H. Fielder of the division of fishery industries, are taking detailed biological and statistical records of the crab fishery of both Maryland and Virginia.

The immediate aim of the investigation is to make available accurate data on the catch of crabs by each kind of gear throughout the year, the importance of different localities in contributing to the total catch, the character, size, and sex of the crabs composing the catch, and other biological data pertinent to the solution of the problems involved in the conservation of this important industry.



Battle Huge Swordfish

A 1000-pound swordfish was found tangled in a net containing an 800-pound shark, about 20 miles off Belmar yesterday. The swordfish was the largest ever taken there. Lester Wolcott and W. H. Bennett, fishermen in a small boat, narrowly escaped being capsized during the fight with the monster. They finally killed it with an axe. The shark was 12 feet long.

Rows 70 Miles

Moses McKenney of Cliftondale, Mass., who was lost in a fog June 8 and separated from his vessel, the fishing schooner *Josephine DeCosta*, reached the mouth of the Pamet river at Truro in his dory June 10th noon, after rowing and sailing 70 miles in three days with no food and but little water to drink. He was brought ashore by coast guards from the Pamet river station and put to bed, it being predicted he would be fully recovered in a day or so.

Building Two Craft At Essex

Although the Essex shipyards are not turning out aspirants for international honors in the fishing fleet, the James plant has two able looking schooners on the stocks, both planked and having their engines installed. The larger craft is for A. L. Parker of the Boston Fish Pier and will be used for both fresh and salt fishing. She

is designed by Burgess, Swasey and Paine, and is 105 feet overall, 92 feet on the waterline, 23½ feet beam and 11½ feet draft. She will have a "baldheaded" rig, two stout pole masts, with no topmasts and will carry a jib-headed mainsail. Her auxiliary will be a 100-horsepower "C-O" engine, which should bring her in from the fishing banks at a speed of eight knots with sails on the booms.

Alongside, is a 100-footer schooner designed by John James, the son of the veteran boat builder, for Charles F. Hathaway of Taunton. The frames, beams, knight-heads and other heavy timbers are all of white oak, cut in the Old Colony district, some of it within a mile or two of Hathaway's home. This schooner will be powered by a 100 H. P. Atlas engine and will have a somewhat low rig. The schooner has some beautiful lines and young James has been congratulated on his first naval architectural effort. The two schooners will probably be launched about July 1 and will be rigged at this port.—*Gloucester Times*.



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BEALS,

MAINE.



\$67 last week, and Charles Kent, at Old Harbor, stocked \$95.

The medicinal oil business of the Parkhurst Fisheries has been incorporated as a separate institution. P. C. Parkhurst is president and F. E. Falkins is treasurer.

Millard Rowe is coming to Swans Island and will fish for the Parkhursts.

The schooner *Cyril T.*, has just brought a cargo of salt from Halifax to the Parkhurst wharf and under the new ruling no duty was paid.

The Parkhurst plant now employs twenty-five men, and has twenty boats trawling, and fifteen girls are very busy cleaning hake sounds.

Donald Joyce has his new boat in commission and is engaged in lobstering.

Clyde Torrey had the misfortune to mislay six tubs of trawl one day last week outside of John's Island and ran out of gas while hunting for them, and was towed in by a Minturn fisherman. Next day he went to the right locality and made a good haul, recovering all his gear.

Roland Carter and Roland Stewart have been bringing in some good halibut.

Old Harbor trawlers have been averaging 3500 to 4500 pounds of fish at a haul.

Fishing Notes From Maine

(Continued from page 10)

and chased the smack and signalled it to heave to. The smack did not stop until after three gun shots had been fired across her bow. During the chase the operator was extremely busy throwing as much as he could of his cargo over the side. When captured the smack had about five hundred short lobsters aboard. To make matters worse the operator had no license to handle lobsters of any sort. The seized boat is now lying at Bass Harbor and the arrested operator was held for a hearing. Local lobstermen respect the law, and are not at all in sympathy with the law breakers.

Production of lobsters has fallen off one-half within the last two weeks. Price at smacks the first Saturday of June advanced from 26 cents to 30 cents per pound. At Vinalhaven buyers are paying 33 cents and 35 cents.

Chester Kennedy and William Teel are buying lobsters at Frenchboro.

Herman Anderson, at Frenchboro, trawling, stocked

The Over-Zealous Rum Chasers

(Continued from page 5)

among the larger of the flounder draggers was making for New York with her trip down Long Island Sound in the vicinity of New London. The schooner was one of the heaviest and most thoroughly built of her class, a comparatively new vessel. From astern came one of the chasers under full speed, one of the 75-foot class, and banged into the flounder schooner so lustily that one of the chaser's crew was pitched overboard and drowned. The impact of the collision was sufficient to smash in the sturdy bulwarks of the fisherman's stern. Apparently the officials in charge of the dry navy admit a certain liability, for the damage is said to have been repaired at government expense. But who compensated the vessel owner, skipper and crew for the loss of time while the boat was undergoing repairs? With proper handling the life of the unfortunate coast guardsman might have been saved. But the accident ought never to have happened in the first place.

Another case comes to mind, as told by the folks of Gloucester. It seems that a mackerel seiner was held up and searched by a chaser during the day, and was, of course, found to be all right. That night the seiner had sighted a school and was just completing a set around the fish when suddenly the lights of the same chaser were flashed on the seiner, after which the chaser

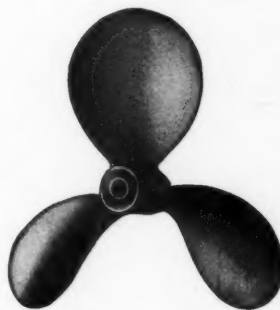
(Continued on page 20)

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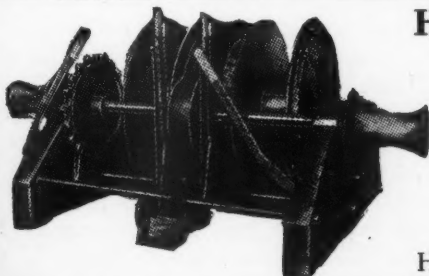
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The Over-Zealous Rum Chasers

(Continued from page 19)

proceeded to cut through the school of fish—seine and all.

Such over-zealous effort in the performance of duty by the chasers is supplemented, we are convinced, with such colossal arrogance that the fishermen are madened to a point almost beyond human endurance.

Time and again schooners have been fired upon, in many cases unnecessarily close. The reasons stated are that when given a warning shot to heave to, they continued to proceed. Consequently solid shot was used to

bring them to. Possibly it did not dawn on the officers that the fisherman's crew had little chance to hear the warning shot amid the noise from the engine and that their minds were upon something else than pursuing coast guard craft which swarm in their direct course.

We realize that the chasers are required to halt and search any craft that seem suspicious in movement or destination, but in the performance of this duty we may reasonably expect that the officers in charge of them be well experienced and that they exercise the greatest caution and diligence to prevent damage, to say nothing of vexatious and expensive delay to the fishermen.

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New 30-foot motor boat; 8 ft., 9 in. beam, 2½ ft. draft; new 12x15 h. p. Do-

man, 4-cycle, 2 cylinder engine. Price \$1,000. Address, Lewis S. Burgess, Vinalhaven, Me.

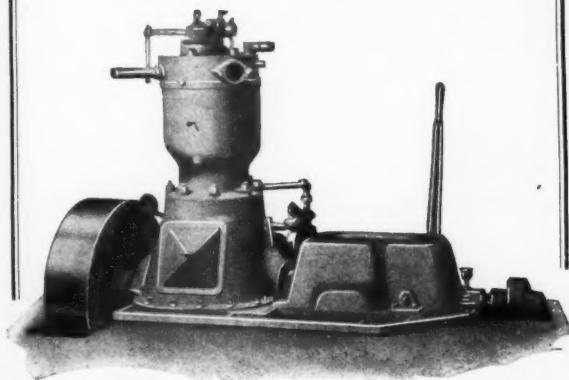
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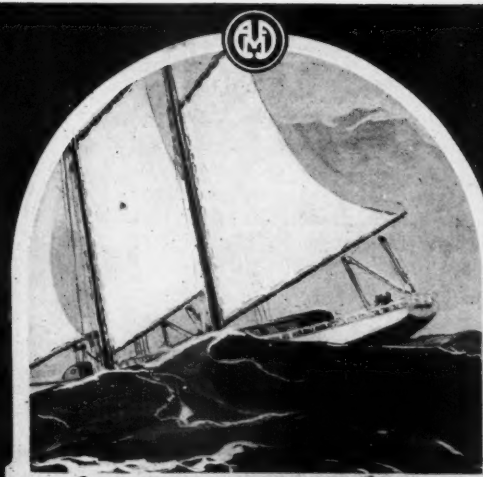
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of the Deep"**

SCURRYING clouds—lowering barometer—mountainous seas—land-
ing down unmercifully. Every plank
and rib groaning under the racking
strain.

—then from below "she's sprung, sir,
leaking badly."

Two men dash ahead, a tarpaulin
is hastily flung aside revealing an
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is all action—all energy and mechan-
ical strength. Pumping ten, twenty,
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ing power. Doing the work of ten
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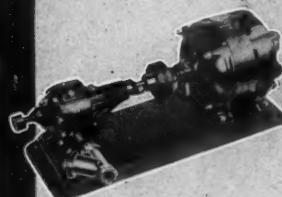
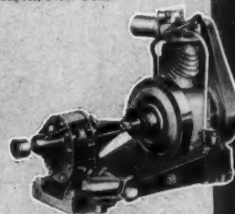
A half hour later "All's well" rings
down from the fo'castle. The pump
had brought her through triumph-
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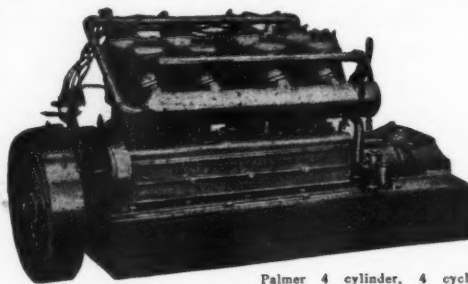
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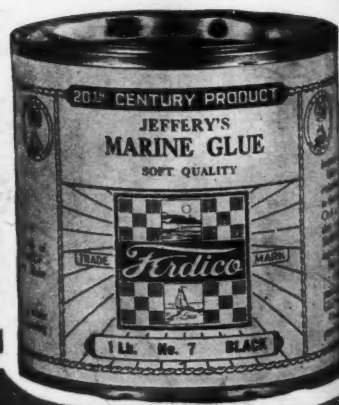
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